

v. 546.1

Campus

HOMECOMING ISSUE



Extra Added

"FROSH DAZE"

C'MON BIG RED!

Beat

The

Bishops!

HOMECOMING WEEKEND

FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
7:15 P.M. Torch Parade	11:00 A.M. Homecoming Parade Downtown	10:00 A.M. Deni-Sunday at Swasey
9:00 P.M. Sock Dance in Bigwam	1:30 P.M. Homecoming Queen Ceremony at Stadium	
	2:15 P.M. Football—Denison vs. Ohio Wesleyan	
	6:00 P.M. Alumni Banquets at Houses	
	9:00 P.M. Victory Dance at Bigwam	

DENISON UNIVERSITY PUBLISHES

Campus

HOMECOMING ISSUE

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FROSH DAZE

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SKIDDING DOWN THE DRAG

Once again the *Campus* staff has launched into a new year to attempt to give the student body and interested bystanders of our Core Course Curriculum an unjaundiced view of campus goings-on.

The magazine this year is one step closer to taking the place of *Life* on the newsstands due to several fresh changes and additions that we have innovated into our policy.

We are continuing to bring you a balanced variety of photographs, art, cartoons, and stories, both serious and humorous.

You will find each time on the inside back page of *Campus* a sneak preview of what's coming in the next issue.

LETTERS TO EDITOR

Starting with the next, or Holiday issue of *Campus*, we are providing space for a "Letters to the Editor" column. This is to give all of our avid followers a chance to air their comments, both pro and con, as to how they like the magazine. Letters should be addressed to the Editor, *Campus* magazine, and dropped in the campus mail if you are a student. Letters from our

out-of-town readers will also be cordially welcomed. We sincerely hope that you will take an active interest in this new feature, for this is the best means there is to determine just exactly what you want in your college magazine.

WHO WILL WIN THE TITLE OF "MISS CAMPUS" THIS YEAR?

For years upon end, Denison University has reveled in the glory of knowing that its feminine dormitories are "chuck full" of gorgeous co-eds of the dateable variety. This year the *Campus* has decided to make the fact world reknown. In each issue will appear the comely features of our more Delectable Denison Dollies.

To add further interest we are going to hold a contest to determine the most suitable aspirant for the title of "The 1950-51 Miss Campus." The girls who appear in the first three issues will be voted on by the Board of Editors and a representative of each class. A close-up, pictorial article featuring the winning candidate will be featured in the last issue of the magazine.

There will be prizes galore, all of which will be announced in the gala Holiday Issue. And don't forget, your letters to the Editor on your own choice will help to influence the Board's final decision.

ABOUT THIS ISSUE

It's always a big rush getting this first issue out each year. Everyone on the staff has, in the past few weeks suffered from ulcers, temporary mental inertia, or some other nervous malady.

This issue is dedicated mainly to the Alumni at Homecoming, it goes without saying that this is one of the reasons why we hit upon the brainstorm of a title—Homecoming Issue—brilliant, what? We hope that the Graduates, if they happen to leaf through a copy over the weekend, will be smitten with pangs of nostalgia, or at any rate get a few good chuckles in reading of the days gone by.

Towards the back of the magazine, the reader will find the "Freshman Supplement," which is largely for the benefit of the wearers of the '54 beanies and their female contemporaries. The girl picked to portray the typical freshman co-ed is Miss Nancy Eshelman, currently residing in Parsons Hall.

Miss Chris Fredrickson, sophomore member of Kappa Alpha Theta Sorority, is our other example of feminine pulchritude which is so often seen gracing the walks of the Quadrangle. As of last Summer, Chris has been sporting an egg-sized diamond on the third pinkie of her left hand.

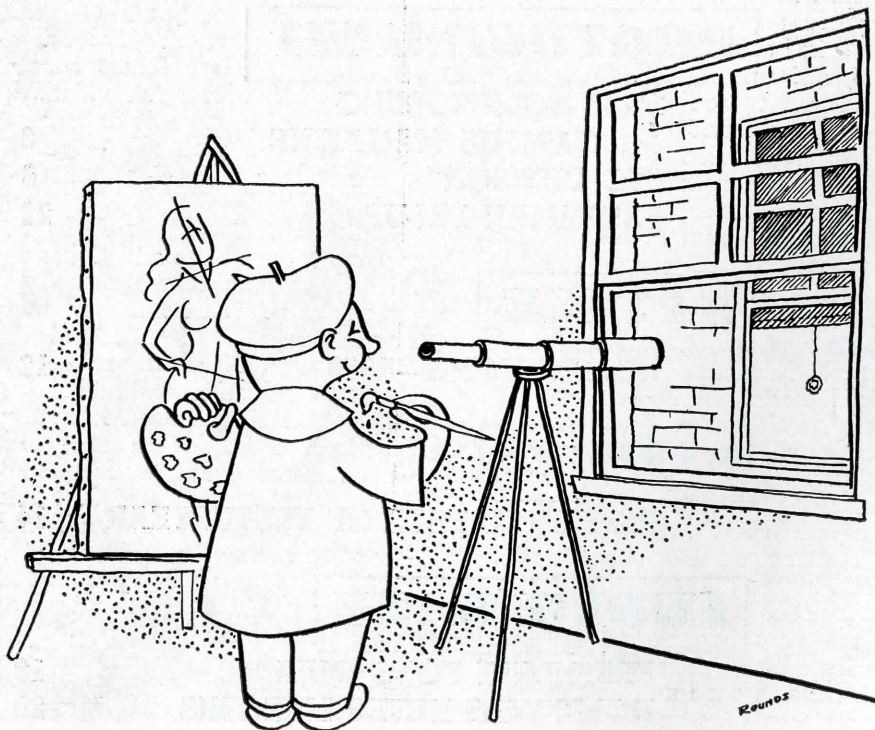
It goes without saying that with the printing of a college magazine there are dozens of unsung heroes whose names do not appear on the first page with the rest of the glory-hungry mob of psuedo-literary geniuses. The following people should be given a hand for their meritorious service above and beyond the call of the Editors: Betty Bevier, Helen Boyce, Julie Cartland, Emilie Connor, Mary Croslin, Jean Hebel, Margaret Waggoner, and Wilda Wiest.

I hope that you will enjoy our first issue of *Campus* magazine!

—KLEE



Miss Chris Fredrickson,
Kappa Alpha Theta



Homecoming

By Lynn Olwin

Joan closed the album and threw it on the end table as she went into her room to close her suitcase and make a last minute check. She had wanted to see what Uncle Phillip had looked like; but where the picture was supposed to be there was simply a blank page with four rough spots where the picture had been pasted.

She glanced at her watch and rushed to the phone to call a taxi. In twenty minutes she would be on the train bound for Greystone, Connecticut to attend the funeral of that same Uncle, whom no one in the family had known very well and for that reason immediately labeled odd. Well, he was rather eccentric in that he lived alone and never seemed to care about anyone else except Joan.

Joan didn't remember him at all. She knew she had never seen him. But he had sent her beautiful dolls when she was small, and she had received a bouquet of roses every birthday until now. Uncle Phillip was dead.

The girl took a last look about her, picked up her suitcase and keys, and locked the door. As she stepped out of the apartment house into the street, she spotted her cab, climbed in, gave the directions to the driver, and settled down. She wondered who of the relatives would come to the funeral . . . probably not many. No one had seemed to care about Uncle Phillip except Aunt Sophia-Regina, who kept house for him when her sister, Phillip's wife, had died. But Sophia-Regina had not stayed long—she left him after a month or two and came to visit Joan very briefly. Joan had asked about this strange Uncle then, but Sophia-Regina would say little. Joan wanted to thank him for his kindness and his gifts, but Aunt Sophia-Regina had changed the subject and started talking about Joan's mother. Now she had lost track of her Aunt, and Uncle Phillip was dead.

The purchased a round trip ticket and boarded the train. She found a seat by the window, stowed her luggage, and settled herself for the four-hour trip. She looked at her watch. It was five twenty now, which meant she would arrive at

Greystone at nine twenty, or thereabouts, spent the night there and the funeral would be the next day. The train was moving slowly. Joan could just see the ends of the ties as they glided by. The train picked up speed and the ties darted just as rapidly in the opposite direction. She watched the rails of the other tracks as they slithered along, converged with new rails, and then slid away again like shiny blue snakes.

Joan snapped back to consciousness; she couldn't tell how long she'd been absorbed in these thoughts of her own. She looked at her watch and discovered to her amazement that she'd been on the way nearly three hours! Where had the time gone? She picked up a magazine and tried to read, but her thoughts kept wandering back to Uncle Phillip. Who was this man? Did he ever really exist? Now, Joan, take care, of course, Uncle Phillip was real. He'd sent you the flowers, the dolls. He'd never taken the place of the father you'd never known, but still you liked to imagine yourself a fairy princess with a mysterious Godfather, or even a suitor watching over you, sending you things—always knowing every move you made." It had been nice to think about. All her life Joan had felt lonely except for Uncle Phillip. Why? She'd never seen him. Her mother had never talked about him. She'd even objected at first to the presents, but he sent them anyway. Once she'd wanted to visit Uncle Phillip, but her mother had refused to let her go.

The train ground to a halt. The girl looked out the window. Could this be Greystone already? No, the sign on the dark station house said, "Willow Junction." Why, then, had they stopped? Just then a porter came through her car paging someone. He called out the name again and again. Suddenly Joan realized that it was her name. The porter had passed her and she jumped to her feet and called after him. He turned and gave her a look which meant, "These dizzy blondes . . .", and more, but said, "There's someone who wants you

on the station platform." She turned, picked up her purse, and made her way to the end of the car and down the steps. There standing under the over-hanging roof was an old man. Not old exactly, but still . . . he had a neat grey mustache and a pointed beard. He was hunched over; and looked almost mishaped, but when he saw her he stood erect, took her hand, and shook it warmly. He had the kindest grey eyes, in fact everything about the man was grey. Joan heard a clatter behind her and turned in time to see the porter depositing her suitcase on the platform and pulling up the steps. In another moment the train was moving slowly off into the gloom leaving her there with this strange grey man. A feeling of panic seized her, and she started back toward the now rapidly retreating train. Suddenly she felt his hand on her arm and heard his voice.

"I don't mean to frighten you, Miss, but I'm the hired man from up at Greystone. They told me to meet you here and bring you the rest of way by carriage. I guess the train's a slow one and makes a few more stops. They thought this way would be quicker." Joan signed gently, and with that sigh, the fear drained out of her body. The man picked up her suitcase and motioned her to follow him. They picked their way along the overgrown pathway by the side of the station house and climbed through a gully up to the dirt road. Joan grinned to herself. She must be making a pretty picture, all dressed up and clamboring about in the brush. She was still following the Grey Man, for so she called him, and he led her right up to a small black buggy drawn by—of all things—a grey horse. "Now really!" Joan was about to say, but didn't. After all, all this probably didn't seem strange to Mr. Grey Man. She climbed in and sat down. The springs in the seat were hard, and one of them was poking through the upholstery. He clucked to the horse and it started up suddenly, but then settled into an even trot. Joan felt she should carry on some sort of conversation, but the man didn't seem inclined in that

direction. Finally she managed, "Is it far from here? Greystone, I mean." And the man answered, "No, not far." He had a nice voice. Not like a hired man at all.

"How did Uncle Phillip die?"

"He died day before yesterday."

Joan wondered if he'd misunderstood, but for some reason did not repeat the question. The girl felt tired. She leaned back and closed her eyes to rest them and in a moment was asleep. The man turned and looked at her for a long time, then cautiously reached out and patted her hand. The buggy rolled speedily on, and was enveloped in the night.

A gentle tug at her sleeve woke Joan. She found herself, still in the buggy, drawn up before a monstrous house. Monstrous was the word, for it didn't look the least bit inviting. The wide stone steps led up to a heavy door flanked by two lamps, glowing forlornly, trying to pierce the mist that had fallen. The hired man took her suitcase and helped her down. As she climbed the steps, she caught the

heavy, dead smell of boxwood. How strange, she was sure the climate in Connecticut was too severe for that delicate shrub.

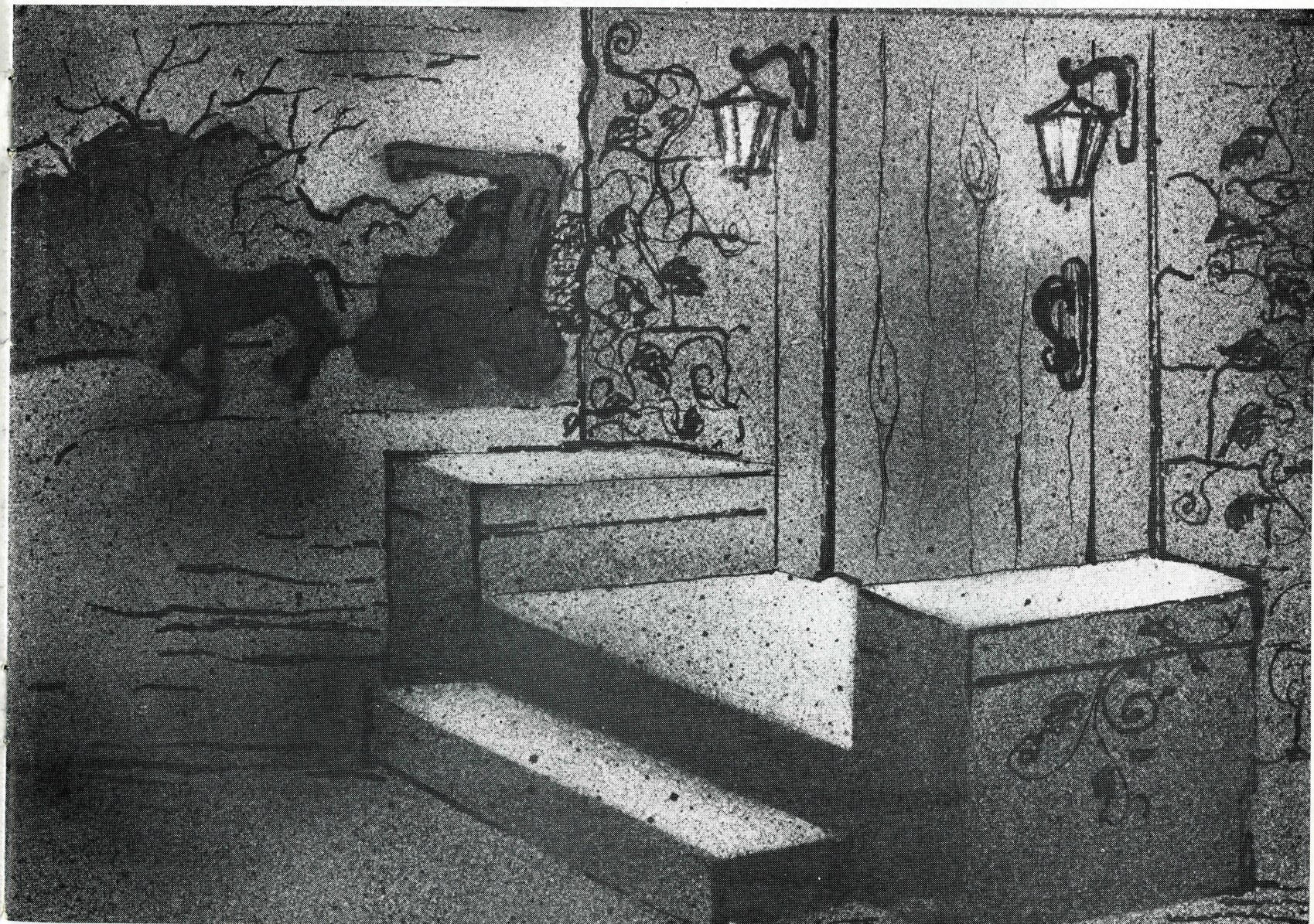
The door opened before her and there stood Aunt Sophia-Regina. The woman embraced her and led her into the hall. Joan's heels made a funny sound on the flagstones as she walked along. Suddenly she remembered the hired man and her suitcase. She turned to speak to him, but he had gone, leaving the suitcase by the door.

Aunt Sophia-Regina took her into the high-ceilinged living room. The thick beams supporting the ceiling, the heavy ironwork, the big Tudor chairs, all looked and smelled of decadent splendor. Joan seated herself on the settee before the fireplace and gazed at the tapestry above her. It depicted a medieval hunt. The colors were faded now, but it was still beautiful. Her Aunt uncovered the tea wagon and poured her a cup of tea. It was warm and good. The girl curled her hands around the cup. She hadn't realized until this moment,

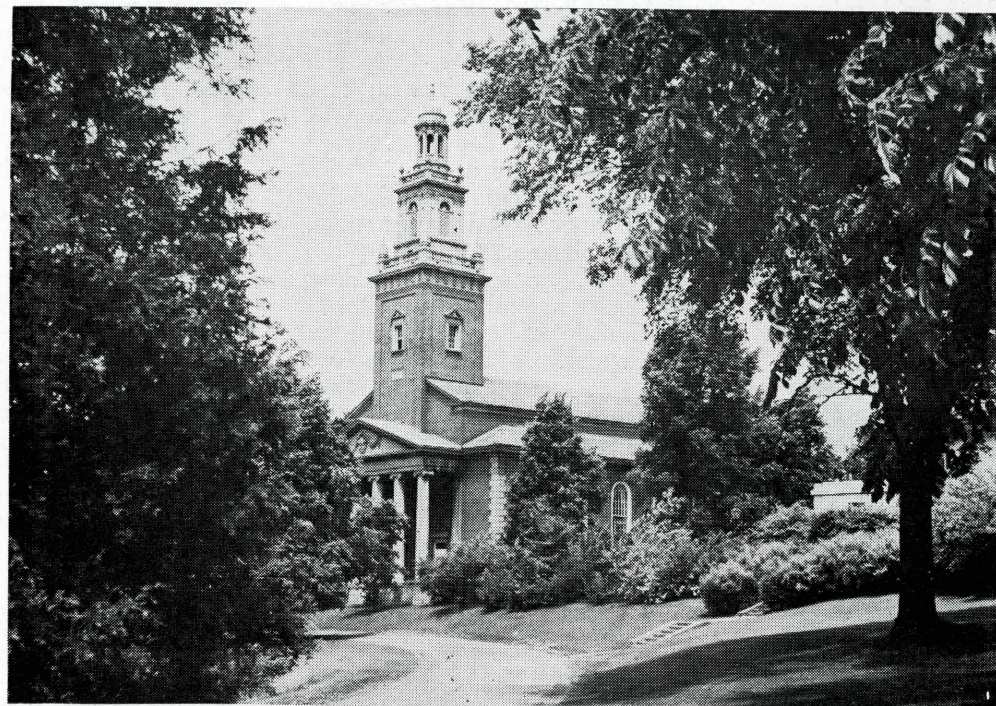
but she was cold. It had been that long ride in the open buggy. She helped herself to the sandwiches. Somewhere in the room a radio was playing music. It sounded almost incongruous. She and her Aunt talked for a while. Suddenly the music stopped. An announcer was interrupting the broadcast of transcribed music to bring a special bulletin. Joan half listened. The announcer was talking about a train, the Connecticut Flyer, derailed in a collision. Connecticut Flyer! Her train! Many people killed. Almost an act of God that she should have been saved.

She looked up and saw that her Aunt had moved to the door at the end of the room. She motioned for Joan to come. The girl rose rather shakily and crossed the room. Aunt Sophia-Regina opened the door and said, "Come in now, Joan, and see your father." Joan looked down into the coffin for a long time. Finally, wishing she could see once more his beautiful grey eyes, she said quietly, "Thank you, Mr. Grey Man."

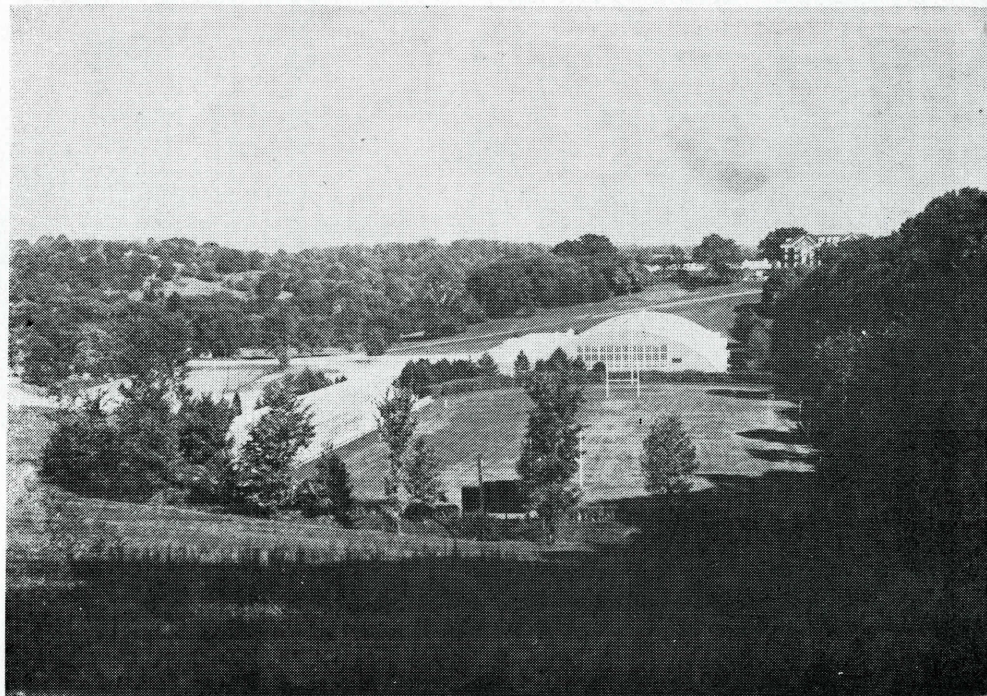
Monstrous Was The Word, For It Didn't Look A Bit Inviting.



"To Denison"



To Denison, We Raise Our Song, Fair College On The Hill,

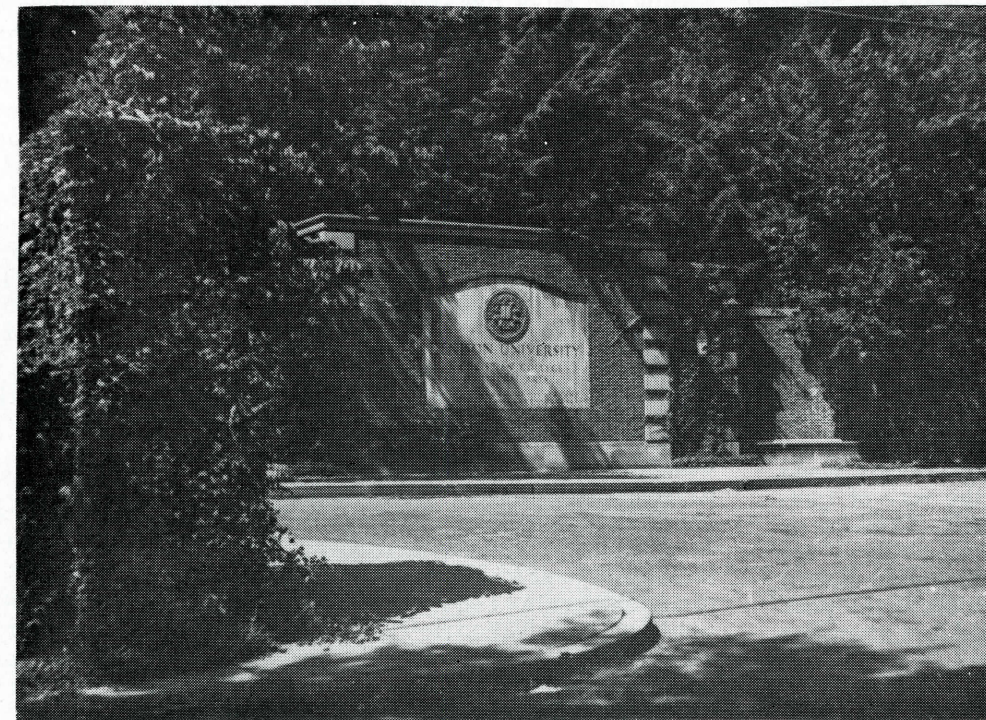


The Name That Sets Our Soul On Fire And Makes Our Senses Thrill.

A Pictorial Essay by John Trimble



To Denison, My Denison, In Praise Our Voices Swell,



The Scenes Of Happy College Days, The Home We Love So Well.



Beaver Field, The Scene Of Past Football Triumphs

A Remembrance of Things Past

Or, "Gee, I'd Give The World To See That Ol' Gang Of Mine"¹

By Frank Cover

TO THE ALUMS:

You graduated from Denison a year ago and you're looking for changes? Well, the "Wigwam" has been transferred into the "Bigwam" with the help of a great deal of "Wampum." You graduated ten years ago? Please note Curtis Hall and try and remember the hectic days of trying to find a room in town. If you left here twenty years ago you will be interested in Doane Library and the hospital. "By your long gray beard and glittering eye" you left here twenty-five years ago! Compare the top floor of Doane to Swasey Chapel.

The twenty-five year men will note that the streets have been paved (done in 1917) and Deeds Field has replaced Beaver Field—Beaver Field where Jimson weed and cows got in the way of football practice. Inside plumbing is now prevalent in Granville — nowhere can a returning alum discern any outside memorials of the past. If you were married and attending

1. Remember the lyrics?

*"I looked at the lamp post and looked at the stoop
And remembered the time I had the croup."*

school, chances are you were asked to leave, but now the cries of small children can be heard at anytime (day or night) on the college hill. How did all of this come about?

HOW SUCCESS CAME OUT OF FAILURE:

When I asked Doc Utter what he thought was the most significant happening in Granville history, Mrs. Utter replied, "The coming of the first settlers," and Doc said, "The founding of the college." I reworded my question and intently asked, "What is the most significant trend over a one-hundred forty-five year period in the lives of the Granville people?" A historian can never resist that word "trend."

The result of the hour lecture which ensued was this: In the early days of Granville history the people of the town had the dream of becoming a huge manufacturing center, but their ideal met with two disappointments. The first was the route of the National Turnpike, which instead of coming through Granville, went from Zanesville to Columbus. The second disappointment was the failure of the railroad to pass through the town, and so visions of Granville being the county seat left the minds of the citizens.

Everybody was broke after the bank failed twice and so, having nothing else to do, they started a school. The school was founded and fortified by such toasts as: "Granville College, a young and healthful virgin. May she become the Alma Mater of many noble sons." Later education grew into two forms of expression: Doane Academy and Y.L.I.²

College pranks haven't changed much. The senior bench gets painted every once in a while, and this year the dome of the observatory received a good dose. No one has rivaled the trick the college boys pulled on the town some years ago. Back in those days the competition was keen between the town boys and the college men over the young ladies of the school. When a passing haywagon of town boys and institute girls gave the men's dorm a midwestern Bronx cheer, they were horrified to see a boy fall from the roof of the dormitory. When they arrived at the spot, after calling the fire department, they found a dummy.

2. Y.L.I. Young Ladies Institute. Remember the class song, "We are the girls from the Institute."



Alex Roberts Tonsorial Emporium, The Former Site Of Literary Societies, and Bank Failures, One of the Many Historic Buildings Still Standing in Our Fair Metropolis.

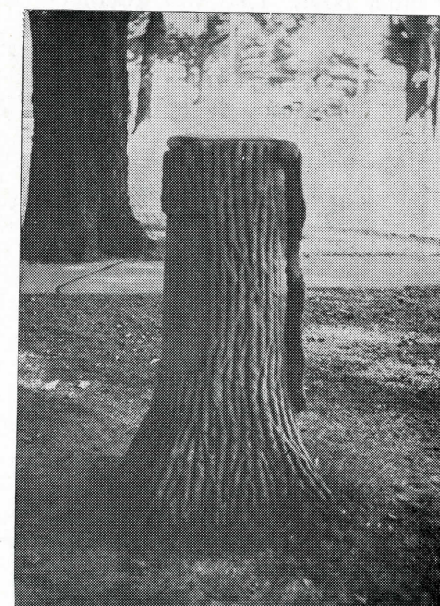
Dorm raids reached a peak during the war when a veteran led a huge force on Stone Hall. Every watch had been synchronized, and even the housemother's door had been wired shut. The phone connections were cut off and objective, Stone Hall, was captured in one of the most systematic dorm raids ever executed.

Since college pranks are unprintable (most of the early ones come under the heading "Privy Pranks"),

the history of humor in college has yet to be published. Like the folk story, these tales of Rabelaisium Denisonium must be spread by word of mouth from returning alum to waiting freshmen.

WELCOME BACK ALUMS!

We are anxious to hear the stories of the past, and although most of us are "all cored up" we'll have time to listen to the yarns of your college days, if you'll give us a chance to tell ours.



Above: Atop This Mortar Monument Was Delivered the First Stump Speech in Granville.

Left: Granville, 1563!

• • • • •

How do you tell whether your gold fish is a girl or a boy? Just add one-half ounce of sulphuric acid to the water in the fish bowl; if he comes floating to the top, he's a boy. And is she comes floating to the top, she's a girl.



NEW BOY

by Pat Opteker

He was new at school; maybe that was why he felt out of place. Whatever it was, he was unhappy. It wasn't a sissy kind of sorrow—like crying—because there was no lump in his throat, or anything like that. And it wasn't because he hadn't wanted to leave Monroe City—no, he was even glad about that. He remembered what his sister had told him; she was glad they moved, because a new girl was sort of intriguing to the fellows in the new school. Well, it was different with boys, he guessed. The bell rang and he lined up with the other boys. That was another thing—lining up was no way to start off! It was, well . . . third grade stuff. No one talked to him, but he understood it—a “regular” guy doesn't talk to a new fellow. He didn't blame them; ever since he was a kid, he had never bothered with the new fellows, at least not until they were “broken in.”

Suddenly he noticed the boys were nudging each other. So they'd noticed him; well it was about time. He mustn't smile—look bored, that's it. Oh, for a piece of gum, he wished that he could be chewing. He picked out the boy that would be *the* one . . . the one who would pick the fight. For Pete's sake, he thought, I wish they'd get going. A tall, lanky boy came over. He jerked his thumb up.

“What's your name, bud?”

“Kirk. What's yours, bud?”

The tall boy said, “That's for you to find out, bud.”

Kirk looked around, trying out a sardonic smile.

The taller boy said, “Meetcha here at recess, bud.”

“Maybe,” said Kirk. He thought those other boys looked cockeyed. Kirk tasted the word again: yes, they sure looked cockeyed. The second bell rang; Kirk wiped his nose with the back of his hand . . . here I go, he thought.

They walked into the building, saluted the flag. That's another thing Kirk didn't like . . . the way these kids said the Pledge of Allegiance, like it was . . . well, like it was nothing at all. And then saying the Lord's Prayer like they were reading a recipe. Gee, but . . . phooey!

Why bother—as long as *he* thought out its true meaning. Aw, phooey; phooey . . . good word, he thought

The teacher wrote her name on the board. Boy, that's juvenile, too, he thought. What kind of a school is this?

All they did in the morning was get their books and covers. He wrote his name on the brown oak tag with his pen. How many years had he done that . . . since he was pretty small, he decided. When lunch time was near, he always knew. Not because he was hungry, but because the rest of the class became so restless. When the bell did ring, Kirk was tempted to ask where the lunchroom was, but he knew you didn't do that. He walked out of the room quickly so the others wouldn't taunt him about following them. That, too, he thought, is childish, but that's the way the game is played. He found the lunchroom easily. Looking around casually, he decided it was too soon to appear interested in the girls, although he certainly was aware of them! After eating, he walked out to the field. There they were.

Holding his shoulders erect, he walked over to them. Ha, they looked disappointed that he didn't slouch towards them; but he was no hick, they'd soon find that out. The tall one stepped out of the conspiracy. “Took your time, didn'tcha, bud?”

Smiling slowly, Kirk said, “Gotta eat, don't I?”

“Didja find out my name yet?”

Wasn't interested. You can tell me yourself, cantcha, or cantcha?”

Looking dubious, the boy answered, “Taylor.”

Kirk thought quickly, I should have said my last name; but maybe they don't realize Kirk is my first name.

“Wanta fight?” Taylor volunteered.

“You bet,” Kirk responded gravely.

He thought, if he puts a chip on his shoulder I'll have a fit . . . boy, that's really kid stuff. But Taylor was evidently no “kid” because he just said, “O.K., bud, see ya after school.”

Kirk stood there, smirking, not walking away as they expected. Thank gosh I can outstare them, he thought. That was a very in-

side thought, though, because in his outside thinking he was wishing the bell would ring . . . so the fighting time would be sooner, of course, not because he felt repulsed. There was no reason for lying to himself; that was unnecessary, and he was kind of ashamed. But his countenance didn't change. He wouldn't fail this test after “passing” so far.

Back in the classroom Kirk tried to listen, but he was thinking again—this time about his sister. Poor girls, they worry more about what the boys think. Silly, but then maybe she was thinking deep inside her that he was a fool for not going up to the fellows and saying something very friendly or humorous. She didn't understand him, so maybe he didn't understand her. He remembered in time not to be caught gazing out the window . . . that was definitely premature. He didn't mean “pre-mature,” but pre-mature.” One of his inside minds, the furthest one, he thought, was chuckling then. Chuckling . . . good word, but one you never say aloud. Why was it, he wondered? Oh, skip it, he reprimanded himself.

After school he went out to the field again.

“Come on, Taylor,” he said good-naturedly, “let's get this over with; I'm in a hurry.”

Taylor looked non-plussed, probably because Kirk wasn't afraid. But Taylor put that thought aside. Doing away with the formalities of beginning a fight, they started right in. Kirk remembered to laugh a little and then started slugging. He thought again how kiddish this was. Of course as soon as the usual crowd gathered, the principal or a teacher would break up this stupid fight. Yes, here he came. No, evidently it was the principal, because the crowd dispersed so quickly. But Taylor knew the “rules,” too, because he didn't quit fighting either. When they felt the man's hands upon their shoulder, the boys parted. Again Kirk felt ashamed for appearing so childish . . . at *his* age, too. The man tried to look stern, and said, “Look, boys, this isn't allowed you know. I'm sure it will never happen again. When you get in the fourth grade, you're above fighting. I hope you'll remember.”

A late professor may be considered a man of distinction. In fact, he is usually in a class by himself.

Frank: What is the difference between a girl and a horse?

Howie: I don't know.

Frank: I'll bet you have some swell dates.

Teacher (warning her pupils against catching colds): “I had a little brother seven years old and one day he took his new sled out into the snow. He caught pneumonia and died three days later.”

Silence for ten seconds.

Small voice from the rear of the room: “Where's the sled?”

Coroner: “And what were your husband's last words?”

New Widow: “He said, ‘I don't see how they make a profit out of this stuff at a dollar a quart.’”

*Mary had a little skirt,
She stood against the light;
Who gives a d--n
For Mary's lamb
With Mary's calves in sight.*

Conductor: “Can't you see the sign says ‘No Smoking?’”

Passenger: “Sure, but there's another sign that says ‘Wear Nemo Corsets’ so I ain't paying attention to any of them.”

Great - great - grandma Beebe studied the newborn baby. She cackled with obvious satisfaction. “If my memory doesn't fail me, it's a boy!”

Little Nicky, five years old, was walking down the street with little Joan, four. As they were about to cross the street, Nicky remembered his mother's teaching. “Let me hold your hand,” he offered, gallantly.

“Okay,” replied Joan, “but I want you to know you're playing with fire.”

People in glass houses shouldn't throw parties.

“I want to change my name, Judge.”

“What's your name?”

“Joe Stinks.”

“I don't blame you. What do you want to change it to?”

“Charlie.”



Boy! Is She Stacked!

H o m e c o m i n g

1950



The return of the Alumni

Pete
Person
154

PIGSKIN GREATS OF YESTERYEAR

by Joe Yearling

This weekend, Denison University gives welcome to the alumni as homecoming celebrations begin when the Big Red plays host to Ohio Wesleyan's football aggregation. Among the "alums" will be many past football greats who have starred for the Big Red team. As they sit in the stadium watching our boys match plays with Battling Bishops, memories will carry them back to the days when they carried the pigskin for ole D.U. In what channels will their thoughts run?

Let us open the gates of the past and wander down into the early 1900's. That 1904 team will be remembered by some of the older "alums." Such great stars as "Barney" Shipp, Fred Schoop, Bill Ellor and "Fat" Van Voorhis, who captained the team that year, will remain fixed in the minds of many. Football at Denison was slowly undergoing a change during this era. Spirit was it highest ebb; athletics as a whole was improving. Whether better athletics had produced better spirit, or better spirit had brought better athletics is not known; however, it is known that that 1904 team reached the ultimate as far as student support was concerned. It represented the student body as gentlemen as well as loyal supporters of athletics. "Fat" Van Voorhis captained a great team that year.

In 1905 an interesting thing happened as far as football rules are concerned. Our own coach "Livy" Livingston, who is considered one of the finest football players of his day, will probably remember the game originally scheduled with Ohio State.

In those days, thirty-five minute halves were the limit. The rules provided that the length of the game should be seventy minutes, divided into two halves of thirty-five minutes each. The exception to the rule was: "The game may be of shorter duration by mutual consent of the contesting teams."



GREGORY

Anyway, State demanded thirty-five minute halves; Denison held her ground and refused to play the limit time and the game was forfeited. There was much argument over that forfeited game for a long period of time. It was rumored that OSU was fearful of the Big Red aggregation that year and they demanded the thirty-five minute halves, because they knew Denison would not play so long a game. Ohio State was considered a very unsportsmanlike team in the early 1900's. After a particularly rough tussle with the Buckeyes, the Denisonian's headlines read like this:

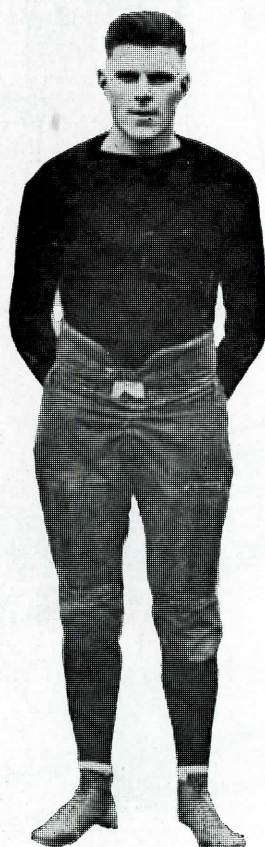
DIRTY OSU

State Maintains Its Long
Deserved Reputation for
Unclean Athletics - Their
Team a Bunch of Prize
Fighters

It is interesting to note how much respite Denison had toward Ohio State in the early 1900's.



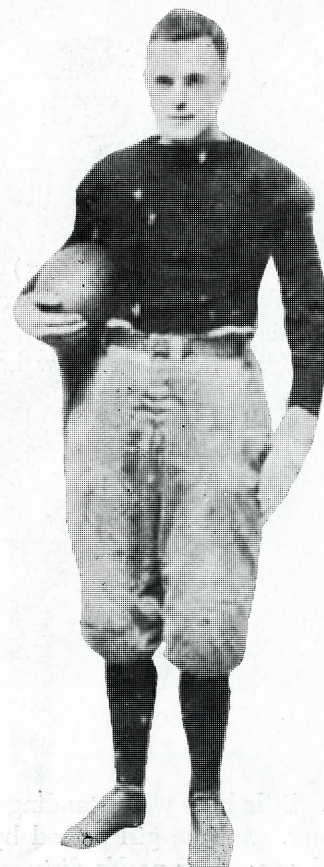
KULL



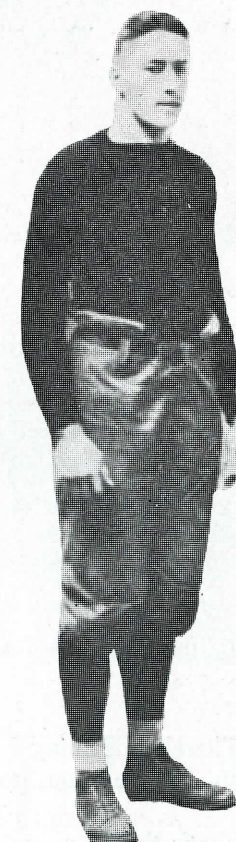
WILLIS



Thiele



Reese



Roubush

And then there was that football team of 1914 when the Big Red won its first Ohio Conference championship. "Nocky" Rupp was the outstanding star during those years, and he was not only considered the best back Denison has ever had, but his past records could stand up with any all-time great of today. Cincinnati upset Denison 13-0 in the first game of the 1914 season. But our boys caught fire and showed a decided reversal of form after the Cincinnati humiliation.

After defeating Oberlin 20-0, they continued on their road of victory by plastering Ohio University 20-0, Otterbein 33-12, Ohio Wesleyan 16-7, Marietta 40-0, Miami 40-0, and Western Reserve 14-0. During this season along with Rupp, such all-time greats as "Dutch" Thiele, Dave Reese, and Hickman were prominent. Reese captained the team that year and he, Tommy Cook, and Bill Wehr are considered the best centers in Denison's history of football. Denison placed three men on the All-Ohio teams throughout the state that year: Reese, Rupp, and Thiele. "Roudy" Roubush was on his way up on the football ladder of fame, and he received honorable mention in the state.

During the 1917 season, "Roudy" Roubush came into his own and was the mainstay of the team in the backfield. His ability as a forward passer was unsurpassed and when it came to carrying the ball, he was always good for a gain. "Higgins" Kull was bulwark of the line during that season. Although he had a leg which would have kept most men out of the game, he refused to stay on the sidelines and was right there at the finish, helping to open up holes. Tommy Cook captained the 1917 group as well as the 1918 team, and he starred in every game he played in. Cook, Roubush, and Kull received All-Ohio Conference honors for the 1917 and 1918 seasons.

Brothers Pete and Dick Willis were the spark plugs during the early twenties. Dick was captain and all-Ohio tackle of the 1922 aggregation. Pete played quarterback that year, and was selected all-Ohio quarterback. Other great stars such as Jefferson, McLain, Steadman, and Calhoun were all given positions on the all-Ohio team in 1922 and 1923. Steadman was a light, hard-hitting guard, and was the hardest fighting guard in Ohio during the years he played for the Big Red. His work as defensive fullback was nothing short of spectacular. Despite the fact that the Big Red was not among the top notchers in the finish of the Ohio Conference championship in the early twenties, the Denison gridders placed more men on the mythical all-Ohio teams than did any other state college. Denison football was slowly on the upgrade during the Golden Twenties.

In 1924 Tommy Rogers came into the limelight. His team elected him captain that year and they never regretted it. Rogers was invincible as he trampled through opposing lines as if they were paper. He was recognized throughout the state and was given a position on nearly every all-Ohio team. He is still considered one of the best halfbacks in the history of D.U. football. Other outstanding pigskin men in 1924 were "Red" Allen, Bill Owens, and "Nick" Nicholson. From 1913 until 1924, the Big Red ranked third in the Ohio Conference as far as total games won and lost were concerned. Oberlin and Wooster were first and second respectively.

In 1925 the Cleveland Plain Dealer picked Thiele, Livingston, (Continued on page 24)

As the saying goes, whether you're rich or poor it's always nice to have money. Whether you're handsome or ugly, it's always nice to have a face. Whether you're a male or a female, it's always nice.

It's better for a girl to have a big bad wolf in front of her house, than a little bitsy bear behind.

"Why are there more automobile accidents than train wrecks?"

"Must be because the engineer isn't always making love to the fireman."

"Believe me darling, you're the first girl I've ever loved," said he as he shifted gears with his feet.

Three fraternity men were debating over their cups one evening on "Who is man's best friend?" The first was loud in his praise of the dog, a loyal friend, a dependable buddy who never talks back. The second insisted that a horse is man's best friend. He is loyal and true, a beast of burden, a helpmate to mankind.

"You're both wrong," the third volunteered. "Man's best friend is the male alligator. A female alligator lays 10,000 eggs at a time. The male alligator eats 9,999 of those eggs. If it wasn't for the male alligator, we'd all be up to our necks in alligators."

The only trouble with lipstick is that it doesn't.

Two old ladies were enjoying the music in the park.

"I think this is a Minuet from Mignon," said one.

"I thought it was a waltz from Faust," said the other.

The first went over to what she thought was the board announcing the numbers.

"We're both wrong," she said when she got back. "It's a refrain from Spitting."

She: "There's one thing I want to tell you before you go any further."

He: "What's that?"

She: "Don't go any further."

A car pulled up alongside a stranded coupe.

"What's the matter?" asked the intended helper. "Outa gas?"

"Nope," came the answer from a voice inside.

"Engine trouble?"

"Nope."

"Tire down?"

"Nope, didn't have to."

*Many a girl who's on the shelf
Could easily have saved herself
Nuemrous remorsees,
If she had nabbed a wedding ring
Before she started exploiting
Her natural resources.*

He (as his wife is packing) "I really don't think you ought to wear that bathing suit, Helen."

She: "But dear you know how strict they are at the beach."

Two little boys were standing on a corner. A little girl passed by. Said one: Her neck's dirty. Said the other: Her does?



"FROSH DAZE"

FRESHMAN

by

1. To the Core Course Ingenue, This Might Look Like:

- (A). A Chippendale
- (B). Chapel Pew
- (C). Cleopatra's Couch

2. This Probably Reminds the 4-H Club Member Living in Parsons Hall of:

- (A). Matterhorn
- (B). Pennsylvania Turnpike
- (C). Tobacco Road

3. OK, Frosh, What Is It?

- (A). Honor Dorm
- (B). Taj Mahal
- (C). Denisonian Office

FOTO QUIZ

Jim Gould

4. Shades of V-12, Its:

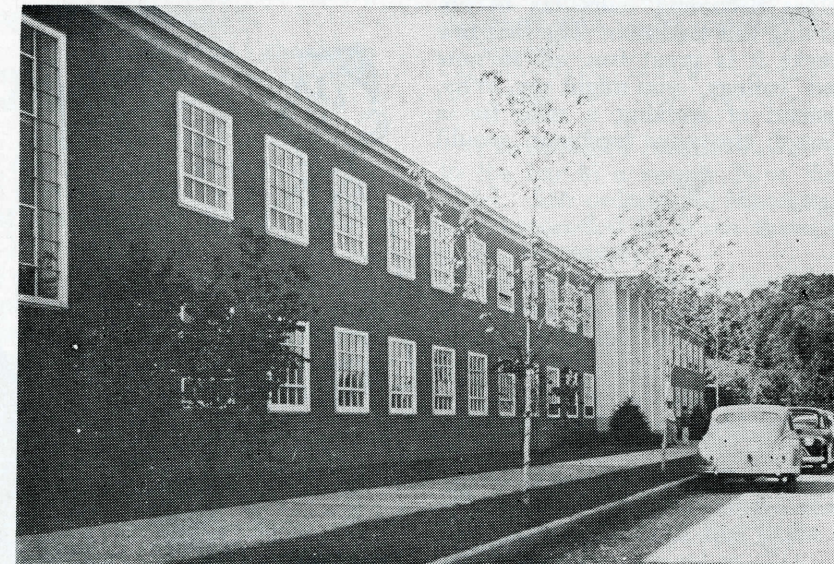
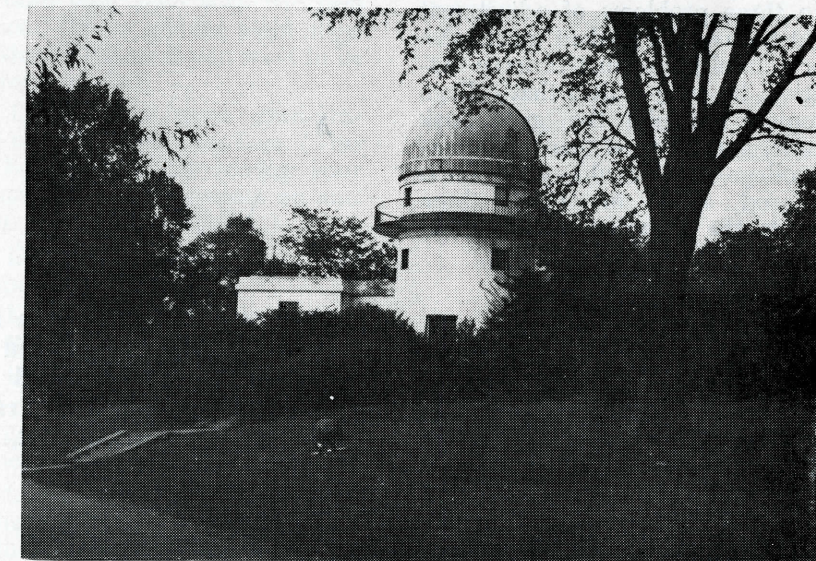
- (A). Cannery Row
- (C). Sorority Circle
- (B). Bexley

5. This Gave Frank Lloyd Wright Spasms of Ephemeral Ectasy, Its:

- (A). Mound Builder's Picnic Hut
- (B). Cottage Cheese Factory
- (C). Bop City

6. Everybody Knows That This Is The

- (A). Licking Laundry
- (B). Carnegie Hall
- (C). Chicken Little's House



Home Was Never Like This

by Pete Hawk

The average freshman, during his first few weeks at this or any other university is, perhaps, the most bewildered hunk of living matter ever to walk the face of this or any other earth. His bridge game might even humble Culbertson; his presidency of the 4-H club back in Slim Rock County may have been a raging success; his scholastic and sexual achievements may be the envy of the boys back home. However, to the college as a whole he is just another beanie-clad member of the Denison Unit who doesn't quite know the score. There are three problems of adjustment that the college student must solve for himself; he must observe tradition; he must realize that college women are like the girls back home; and he must learn to act as a college man should. Once he is squared away on these three counts, the freshman can really begin to feel at home.

run the whole way just to greet a member of the Unit. It becomes a quaint little game to see how many times a day you can hail your brethren. Yes sure, it's really the cats to be a hail-fellow well met. Then slowly, the novelty wears off. The friendly hello, with both syllables articulated most "trippingly" becomes a half-grunt, half-sigh similar to a mama caribou in labor. In many cases, persons pass one another; look a little embarrassed; and walk on, each celebrating his own little moral victory that he could keep his mouth shut. This is

I pictured myself in some dim cafe, sipping rich red wine while some sultry frill commented dreamily on the rakish tilt of my beanie—but, alas, it was only a dream!



a typical example: Here comes Beowulf Honker. Steady now. Don't grunt unless he does. That's it. Don't panic. DON'T PANIC! Ha! Look at him curdle. Wait, hold on to yourself. You're walking too fast. Slow down, that's the boy. Let him break the ice. Nod once. Good boy! you're passed him now. Take a deep breath, you deserve it. If you could only pat yourself on the back without breaking your arm. Boy, did you flush him. Oh, oh. Here comes Hrothgar Davenport. Steady now. Don't Panic. . .

How such laxity can be stopped is up to the individual himself. Life Science won't topple over if this tradition is not observed, however, a two-syllable word isn't so God-awful hard on the voice. Just say "hel" as in "hell" and "lo" as in "low," and you've got it. Try it sometime. It isn't a cure for Bright's disease, but you'll feel a lot better once you keep it up.

There is also the question of sex, or just what makes a college woman a college woman. Before he arrives, the more romantic freshman considers the weaker sex he is about to encounter a cross between Theda Bara and Shelley Winters. He pictures the average college as a debauched, beer-soaking, passionate, "man-souled" woman, who parties until the cows are dry. He figures all she wants is sex and security; that her major is The Practical Approach and Study on How to Get a Man. This freshman sees himself in a dim cafe smoking hash-heesh and sipping rich red wine while some sultry frill comments dreamily on the rakish tilt of his beanie. Yes, as far as he's concerned, that is it. This college life is going to be one big happy ball. Ha! Then comes the dawn. The sirens he expected to greet him with open arms when he arrived, turn out to be as sweet as the young things he left home. They play a frantic game of bridge; drink beer with moderate caution; and make all the best grades. Their walk is not excessively undulating. Most of them just put one foot in front of the other and let it go at that. Take a good look at the little Miss nearest you. Now take a good look. Does she drop an occasional leaflet on the quad stating her name, telephone number, and measurements? Does her gaze make you glad you left Paree? Does her voice suggest the possibility of feverish nights along the Riviera? Does she believe in the Double Standard? Brother, if she does

all that, let the author in on it, will you? He lives in Talbot 303 and is usually in the sack.

At Denison, the freshman soon must learn how to think, dress, and act like a dyed-in-the-wool college man. The type that the old man hung around with during his days at old Otter Haunch U. have not died out. Still there have been some modifications. True, the college man of today is spirited, but he is not a sis-boom-bah boy. He is not always so full of breakfast cheer that motivates one to the extremes of guppy-swallowing. Although he is still somewhat of a hell-raiser, first and foremost today's college man is casual. Casual in the sense that if he suddenly saw King Kong executing double flips while whistling "Dixie," he would remark with emotion, "Well, how about that." Being casual really isn't so difficult once you get the hang of it. Some practice is needed of course, but it doesn't take long before you can hold your own with the best of them. These are the eight steps you should follow if you want to be so casual it hurts:

1. Cultivate a sorta glad-I'm-alive expression on your face. (This can be obtained by having your roommate run his knuckles up and down your spinal column.)
2. Develop a slight curvature of the spine.
3. Keep your hands in your pockets at all times.
4. Wear white bucks that are dirty enough to make them almost look grey. (A sprint through a pile of fine ashes does the trick.)
5. Look away from the person talking to you. (If he has bad breath this won't be so tough.)
6. Comment briefly on every woman that walks by.
7. Walk with the shoulders slumped. (Imagine you're trying a wind tunnel out for size.)
8. Drink slowly and methodically. (As if you were waiting for your best friend to come in and tell you what a fine time he had with your girl.)

If you can master all eight steps, people will not only think you're casual, they'll think you're a member of the walking dead. Still freshmen should always remember that a true college-man-appearance is essential. To be a college man; act like one, study hard and become a Phi Beta Kappa.

The observance of tradition, the true picture of the average college

woman, and the necessity of being casual are but three of the principles of college atmosphere the freshman encounters. In time, he will unconsciously make the adjustment. At home he can saunter down the street and speak to no one; he can spread wild stories about the cute little blonde he took out; he can dress and act like one of the Green Mountain Boys. Then, when he comes back to Denison, he is a college man once more. Somewhat of a Jekyll and Hyde existence, you might say.

Oh well, if you don't like it, you can always enlist.

In Little Ark, Arkansas, a hill-billy, with a dizzy blonde hanging on his arm, took the pen handed by the hotel clerk and signed the register with an X. With a thoughtful look on his face, he hesitated, then circled the X. "A lot of people sign with an X," said the clerk, but that's the first time I've ever seen one circled."

"Tain't nothin so dadburn odd about hit," retorted hayseed, "when I'm runnin around with wild women I don't use my right name."

*Suzie is a right smart girl,
She is also very wise,
Suzie can't do everything—
But she can improvise.*

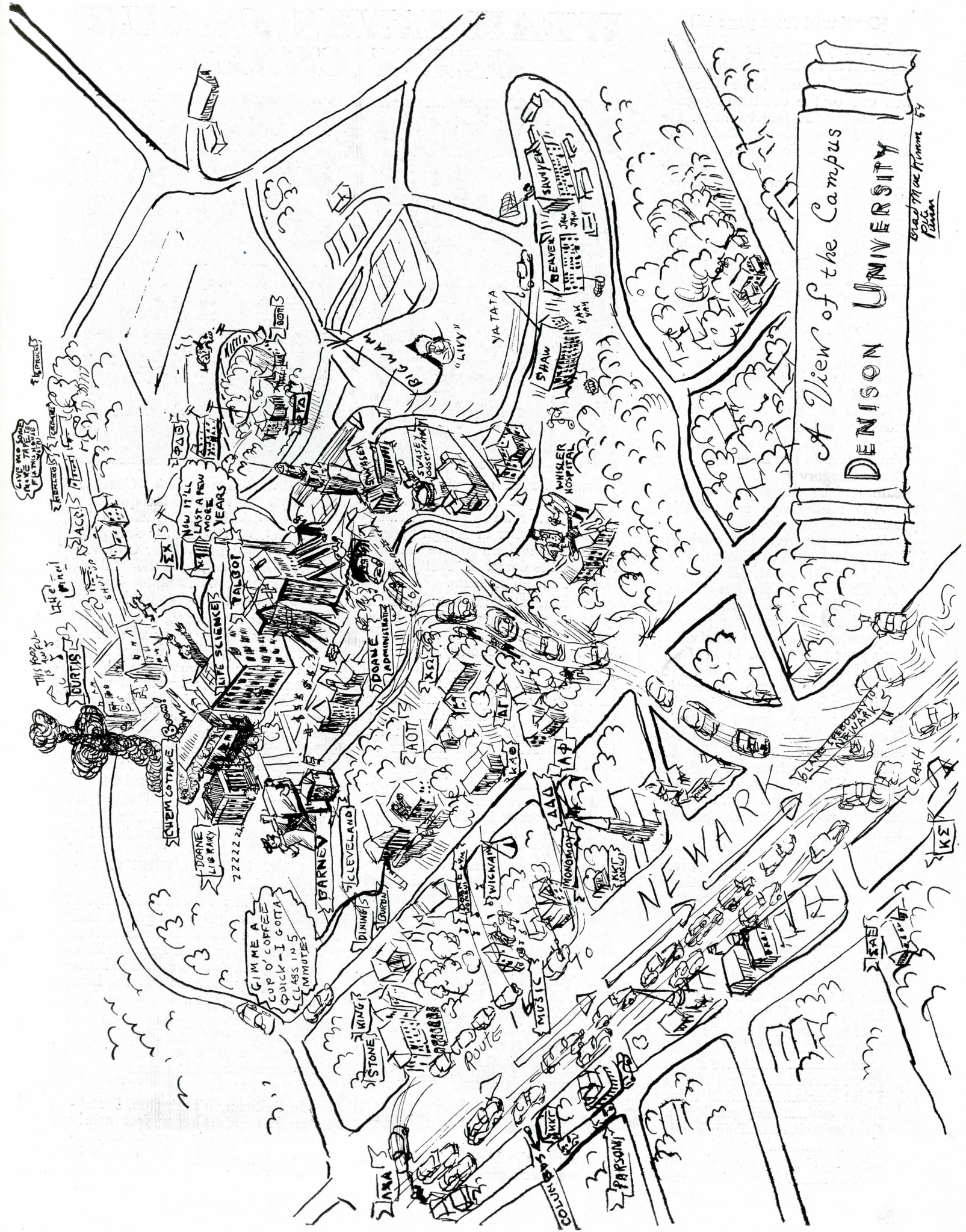
A neighbor was chatting with Mr. Jackson about his daughter at school. "And what does your daughter take up at college?" "Space!"

A streamlined blonde walked up to the bar in a swank New York hotel. She ordered six Mantattans and proceeded to down them, in quick succession.

A drunk who was standing nearby looked on in amazement. He lurched over and stood weaving in front of her.

"Shay," he hiccupped, "how much does it take to make you dizzy?"

The blonde gave him a fishy-eyed stare. "It'll take more than that," she said, "and the name is Daisy."



and "Nocky" Rupp as players to represent its all-time All-Ohio team.

Granville's own Mike Gregory was one of the outstanding grid-ders during the late twenties. He received honorable mention on the mythical all-Ohio squad in 1926 when he was a sophomore, because he was a terrific hard-driving lines-man and starred in every game. Mike's ability as a place kicker was sensational.

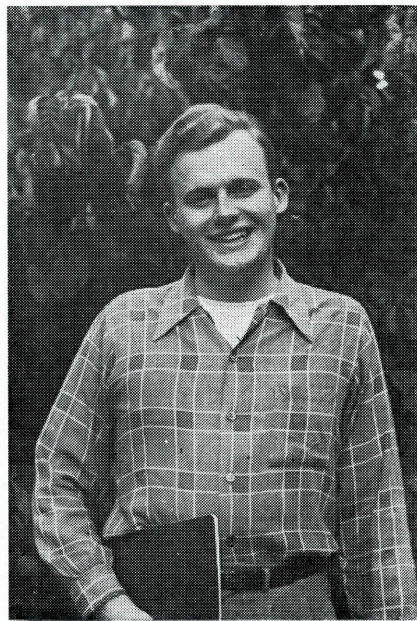
During the 1927 season, Denison was playing Cincinnati. With less than two minutes of play left, the score was tied 0-0. Denison had the ball on Cincinnati's 35-yard line, fourth down and about five yards to go. Gregory stepped back from his position at guard and booted the ball squarely between the uprights. The ball traveled 47 yards in all, and Mike won the otherwise colorless battle from the Cincinnati Bearcats 3-0. This won him a place in the Denison Hall of Fame. Gregory captained the 1928 team, and he was given a position on the all-Buckeye and all-Ohio teams.

As time progressed through the 1930's, stars such as Ellison, Woxman, "Boot" Stewart, "Hube" Foster, Ferguson, Jack Carl, Barran and Burkhart made names for themselves. Football was growing progressively better at Denison as each year passed and in 1947 and 1948, Denison found herself running away with two consecutive Ohio Conference championships, producing such great stars as "Country" Wehr, the Little All-American center, "Willie" Hart, the Little All-American end, Eddie Rupp, Wentis, Cheslock, Fleitz, Shannon, and Gaynor, all of whom received positions on the all-Ohio team.

Space does not permit all outstanding football players that have starred at Denison to be mentioned here. Among the few stars mentioned in this article, eleven men have been selected by *Campus Magazine* to represent the Denison All-Time All-Star team. These men and the positions they hold on the mythical team are as follows:

Left end....."Dutch" Thiele
Left tackle....."Barney" Shipp
Left guard....."Livy" Steadman
Center.....Dave Reese
Right guard.....Mike Gregory
Right tackle.....Bill Ellor
Right end....."Higgins" Kull
Quarterback.....Pete Willis
Left half....."Nocky" Rupp
Right half....."Roudy" Roudebush
Fullback....."Livy" Livingston

WEAK LINKS IN OUR DAISY CHAIN



Frank Cover, one of Denison's biggest campus wheels, has proved to be a fine feature editor. Frank, a senior member of Kappa Sigma, is from Cleveland where he answers to the names of "Pretty Boy," "Lardo," or "The Ham."

Frank's contributions to Denison in the last four years have been many. As president of Blue Key, junior men's honorary, he has launched a program that will make it the outstanding honorary on the hill. Down at the big white house on Broadway he has been one of Kappa Sigma's outstanding men, last year serving the chapter as secretary.

Not the least of Frank's accomplishments have been his powerful performances on the Denison stage. A theatre arts major, Frank has consistently proved to be one of the most versatile and dependable actors in the department. He has starred in the Summer Theatre the past two seasons, and last spring was awarded the scholarship given annually to the outstanding Denison actor.

Despite his tough schedule, Frank finds time to be one of the senior class' socialites, equally popular with both sexes. He claims his only form of recreation is the weekly Thursday night meeting of Theta Eta Chi, senior men's "social" society.

• • • • •

Back in the hoop skirt days, I'll bet they whooped it up plenty.



Beautiful Lynn Olwin, *Campus* literary editor, has all the qualities that turn confirmed bachelors into wife seekers. Her beauty and personality made her Winter Carnival Queen last year, and her talent has made her outstanding in the fields of theatre and journalism.

A junior member of Kappa Alpha Theta, Lynn is from Waterville (Toledo), Ohio. She has been a consistent contributor to *Campus* columns since her freshman year, with her poetry being particularly outstanding. As a result of her efforts she has been tapped for Pi Delta Epsilon, national Journalistic Honorary, and Franco-Calliopean, literary honorary society.

Lynn's ability on the stage is well-known to Denisonians. Her portrayal of the sultry siren in "Peer Gynt" will long be remembered. She also lends her talent to Orchestris.

Popular and busy as she is, Lynn finds time to get good grades and her social calendar is overflowing. Not satisfied with all her activities, Lynn says she's determined to learn how to play the guitar in the best Burl Ives tradition.

• • • • •

In Pullman, Washington, Scotchman John MacGregor was nearly beaten to death in a washroom because he thought the sign said "Laddies."

HISTORY REWRITTEN

WHAT PAUL REVERE REALLY SAID



Hurry up, everybody! A shipment of Life Savers just arrived!



...Only 5¢

FREE! A box of LIFE SAVERS
for the best wisecrack!

What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week? For the best line submitted to the editor each month by one of the students, there will be a free award of an attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors.

Beautiful girl, nicknamed Jan
Lustrous hair, calves of tan,
Lovely ankles, cute little toes
Exotic figures, glamorous clothes,
Gorgeous eyes, soft smooth hands,
Why in the hell can't she get a
man?
It does seem strange, but Holy
Moses,
I guess it's because she has three
noses.

The skin you love to touch is
usually covered up!

Justice of the Peace: Wal, Clem,
what's this here boy charge with?
Constable: He charged with
arson, Sam.

Justice of the Peace: Arson, hhu?
Gol darn it, theres' been altogether
too much arson around here lately.
Now, son, you marry that girl.

WATCH FOR THE GALA HOLIDAY ISSUE OF CAMPUS MAGAZINE

FEATURING

TWELVE - COUNT'EM - TWELVE DENISON DOLLIES
REPRESENTING EACH AND EVERY MONTH OF THE
NEW YEAR IN THE 1951 CAMPUS CALENDAR
PLUS
STORIES ABOUT THE JOYOUS YULETIDE SEASON

Campus Interviews on Cigarette Tests

Number 2...THE FLICKER

"One question...Where do I flick my ashes?"

Don't think our neat-pleated friend with the drape-shape doesn't know the score! He's plenty hep to all those tricky cigarette tests! If you're in the groove, they're not fooling *you*, either. You know, from your own smoking experience, that just one puff of this brand...then one puff of that brand isn't going to give you the answer you want. What can you possibly tell by a quick inhale and exhale, a whiff or a sniff?

The *sensible* test — the one that gives you the proper answer—is a day-after-day, pack-after-pack tryout for 30 days. It's the Camel 30-Day Mildness Test! You judge Camels for 30 days in your own "T-Zone" (T for Throat, T for Taste)—the real proving ground for a cigarette. Once you've tested Camels as a *steady* smoke, you'll *know* why...

More People Smoke Camels
than any other cigarette!

